*(**This was saved as a copy since I knew Muffin would delete any evidence they had of their abuse.**)*

"It's been a long day. Goodnight, my lil honey bunches of oats."

He wasn't getting away that easily. I've waited all day for him and *this* is the hello I get? Guess I'll have to teach him a lesson.

Slapping a piece of the duct tape over his mouth and chaining him up similar to a baby in a car seat, I stepped backward, folding my arms behind my back and waiting for him to wake.

"Hello, Titus," I said softly, my tone professional. "I'm sure you know why I've brought you down here." I paused, staring into his eyes. His face showed a look of horror, confusion, and anger, and part of myself felt delighted. A fraction of me actually felt frightened, but the rest of me felt nothing.

"I'll take that as a no," I went on, my tone and emotionless demeanor unchanging. "I guess you didn't see that angry bout of knife emojis, but I'm sure you know you went to sleep without my permission, abandoning me immediately after returning home from five plus hours of ignoring me. I bet you had *fun*."

If I had the emotional strength to do so, that's when I would've flashed him a smile.

"I've already successfully kidnapped you," I told him, beginning to pace circles around the chair. "You will be mine and *only* mine, and sleep when I feel you're allowed to, even if I have to *keep* you down here to make sure my words are set in stone. You can call yourself my slave and whatnot or spout empty threats, but you don't seem to understand what I'm capable of. Besides, *they always say marriage is like a ball and chain.*"

I paused in front of him to get a good look at his face, seeing that he had lowered his head and closed his eyes, seemingly in too much emotional shock. I blinked slowly, deep in thought in how I should start.

"You seem to think you're a boy, don't you?" I finally said, my voice even softer than before. "Let's see just how far you're willing to take your lies." He raised his head a bit, glaring at me with his beautiful brown eyes through the few strand of hair that had fallen over his cute little face.

I grabbed a pair of scissors from the toolbox sitting next to the chair, snipping it twice in front of his face to let him know that I was serious. Walking behind him, I grabbed a handful of his hair and jerked it back, and of course, he decided to start struggling at exactly the wrong moment.

Just like him to fuck something up.

"Stop moving or your hair won't be the only thing I cut," I said firmly, and surprisingly, this made him freeze. "Good pet." I noticed his legs shift closer together, and I knew I had him wrapped around my finger.

I had never cut hair before, so I wasn't sure what I was doing. But I wasn't going to let him know that.

"There," I cooed, picking up the plastic bag and stuffing the remnants inside. "Now you're slightly more believable. I could probably make a doll from this, then I'd have it forever."

I noticed Titus's body trembling slightly. "You're right," I said nonchalantly. "You're not quite ready." I could feel a smile threatening to creep onto my face. I had the perfect idea.

It wasn't long before I would push him over the edge. But I wasn't going to give him that luxury.

I pulled my tongue away from his crotch, grabbing the discarded scissors from the stone floor. "You've always said you've wanted a penis, right? Scissors have a pretty similar shape." I didn't give him time to answer before jabbing the tool blade-first inside of him, unaware of how much damage I had possibly caused.

I could tell he was trying not to show any signs of pain. It didn't help that his first instinct was to jerk his hands down and pull the scissors out, probably throwing them in my direction in the process.

Either that or to finish himself off. Having a vagina myself, I almost felt bad, but I kept my empathy to myself. So the most I did was remove the scissors myself, once again tossing them to the floor with a clatter.

I leaned close to him, our foreheads touching. His trembling nearly shook my entire body (in a literal sense, of course); I've never seen him this unnerved. "You know I love you, right?" I cooed, gently reaching up a hand to cup the side of his face. "Maybe next time you'll listen to me." As I placed a kiss on his forehead, he finally rested on my shoulder, unconscious from exhaustion.

I paused, that smile finally coming to my face.

"It's not a threat. It's a promise."

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